



SOCIETY and PERSONAL ACTIVITIES of WOMEN



Revelations of A Wife by ADELE GARRISON

The five minutes I had set myself as the measure of time in which I would be safe for me to attempt to aid the wounded state trooper, lying so near me ticked their seconds away interminably.

I felt as though I had time for a review of every thought and action since I was born, yet I did not dare to shorten the time, for I knew that any movement of mine would be strongly silhouetted against the moonlight, and dreaded the eyes of that stealthy figure feeling through the grass. The thought brought another correlated one—how was it that I, lying on the broad stone had there been no person near the assassin who had struck down the officer?

I changed my position cautiously and studied the position of the rock on which I had gone to sleep after Ted Cosgrove had left his fishing post near me at the sound of Bess Dean's distant laughter. It was as I thought, the rock—broad and level—was in a small depression, and the ground sloped upward toward the place where the trooper lay. Wrapped in the dark motor blanket as I was, my figure had blended with the shadows, so that to all appearances there had been no person near the assassin save the one who had attacked him in so dastardly a fashion.

Only Forest Sounds.
I reasoned that the blow must have struck just before I awakened. In fact, I believed that some sudden rustle or groan of the trooper must have been the sound that awakened me. I could visualize the assassin creeping upon his victim, striking the blow, then waiting breathlessly to see if there was any sound of the sound which must have awakened me. And I could picture his angry amazement when from the shadows before him I had raised myself to a sitting posture and looked wildly around me.

I thanked my particular little joss that he had not forever punctured my sudden appearance with the period of a pistol shot. Then I realized that a pistol shot was the last thing the unknown miscreant wished to have ring out in that lonely place—then I knew that I was safer than I had thought. Suddenly I had it borne in upon me that this miscreant was very sure of his ground, very certain of his escape, else he never would have left me unattended, when a short dash across the stones, a quick thrust of a knife would have killed me forever.

Who Is the Man?
I strained my ears to hear sounds of Dicky, Bess Dean or the Cosgroves. But only the distant eerie wail of a hoot owl, the insistent plaint of a whippoorwill, the splash of the water below me, disturbed the silence which to me now was awesome instead of restful.

The unknown man had spoken of the "fool fishing party" as being "a good half mile away." This meant that a shout would be useless, even if I dared risk it. No, whatever aid the wounded trooper would receive must come from my efforts alone. At last, to my relieved joy, the hands of my watch pointed to the minute I had set myself as the one when I would dare to leave the rock.

I did not dare to stand or to sit erect. I rolled myself entirely free of the entangling motor blanket, fumbled in the pocket of the great coat which Ted Cosgrove had brought with him from around the bend, and which I had used as a pillow.

Was it Dicky's coat? I prayed that it was, for it so—
A little sob of thankfulness tore from my throat as my fingers touched the small first-aid outfit which, when we had started from the shack, I had tucked into one of the pockets against his laughing protest at my "fussiness."

I fastened it securely to the upper portion of my dress, saw that my flashlight was secure in my pocket, and then crawled slowly, painfully to the side of the wounded trooper, scrutinized his face carefully, and listened intently for any sign of life.

He breathed! Feebly, it was true, but his pulse, as I felt it, was faint. But he was alive, and I bent all my energies to stanching the blood which flowed from a sickening wound in his head, to applying as effective a bandage as possible, and to straightening his body and limbs into easier positions. Then I crawled back for the motor blanket and the coat, and tucked them around him so as to protect him as much as I could without moving him, something I dared not do.

Still there was no sign of any approaching footsteps, either of friend or enemy. So I made another creeping journey, this time around the bend where I had left Pa Cosgrove and Fred. There I found what I was in search of, a tin pail containing cold well water, which we had brought with us.

It was a toilsome journey back, but I finally accomplished it, and with an extra handkerchief of Dicky's, which I found in his great-coat pocket, I washed the blood from the wounded man's face and neck, revealing the features of a lad no older than the Cosgrove twins.

They were features I recognized, also, or was fairly sure I did. The pallid face of the young trooper was the same face which had looked back at our car and had scrutinized our fishing poles.

I do not think I ever have faced a quandary so puzzling as the one which confronted me when I had finished washing the blood from the face of the wounded young state trooper.

Even my limited knowledge told me that a surgeon's aid was imperative. I had done all that any one save a professional could do, and I could do no good by remaining at his side.

Yet I hated to leave him alone, and apparently dying in that lonely place. Suppose he regained consciousness, wished to send some message, or suppose some prowling beast—harmless enough if he were not helpless on the ground—my brain ran the gamut of the horrible possibilities my absence might make realities.

Besides—I never have counted myself more of a coward than most women—but I confess that I was afraid, deathly so, to make the journey which I realized I must

make to the spot in the road where I had left the car—luckily I had a key to it in my pocket—and from thence to some house where I could get hold of a telephone and summon a surgeon.

I reflected anxiously that we had come by so devious a way I had no idea which way to drive the car when I should reach it, and the hour was nearly midnight. There would be but little chance of meeting another motor car, even if I safely accomplished the trip through the woods patch which I must take before reaching the place where we had left our machine.

Quick Thinking.
A glance at the white face of the unconscious boy on the ground steel-ed my courage with the thought of the possible horrors which might come to my own lad when he should have outgrown my care and protection.

Yet so great was my terror of the lurking menace between me and the state road that for a minute I hesitated, waited, straining my ears to hear if there were one sound to indicate the proximity of the rest of the fishing party. Dicky, Bess Dean, Pa Cosgrove and his rapidly they might have been translated to some other sphere for any indication I had of their nearness.

If I only had a revolver! It would not only be a protection against the possible return of the desperado who had so lately crawled away into the woods, but a shot would also be a signal to Pa Cosgrove and the rest. I had not dared to scream for fear the man who had threatened me might return. But a pistol shot was different. It would alarm him as much as it would my friends.

But I had no revolver, and with a clenching of my teeth I started to crawl up the path that led to the shelter of the woods, where I would dare to stand upright. And then a sudden thought sent me back again to the wounded trooper's side. I removed gently but rapidly the blanket and coat I had wrapped around him, scanned his belt for the heavy service revolver with which I knew officers like him were equipped. It was not there, but even as a sob of disappointment tore from my throat, I noticed a protrusion in his blouse, and, tearing it open, took out the gun, wrapped in a heavy cloth.

"Right Here."
No time to wonder now how it had come there, or why it had been over-looked by the man who struck him down. I seized it, broke it, saw that it was fully loaded, and, with a little wave of thankfulness for the few lessons in the use of firearms I had been given, I pointed the heavy gun into the air and fired twice.

Then, trembling with nervous fear, I crouched by the wounded trooper, my face toward the direction in which his assailant had crawled away, my nerves quivering for the first sound which should indicate that my shots had been heard.

For a second or two there was but the echo of the shots, crashing away into the mountains, and then I heard a faint: "He-l-o!"

It was repeated at intervals of half a minute, and soon I heard the rattling of sticks, then the sound of running footsteps, and the excited voices of Pa Cosgrove and Fred.

"Mrs. Graham! Ted! Mrs. Graham! Ted!" they were calling tensely, excitedly, and I realized that they supposed Ted to be with me, and guessed that they would never have wandered so far away if they had not counted upon his protecting care of me.

"Here I am! Oh, please come quickly!" At the nearness of help the fitful bravery and strength I had felt began to ooze out of my fingertips.

"Right here." The running footsteps rounded the bend in the shore, and Pa Cosgrove and Fred rushed up to me, stopped in amazement at the sight of the wounded trooper.

"Good God! Mrs. Graham! the elder man gasped. "What is it? Are you hurt?"

"No. I'm all right," I said faintly.

"What's happened?"

"I found a wounded state trooper."

"Where?"

"About half a mile from here."

"Come with us."

"I can't. I must get back to the car."

"Why not?"

"I don't know the way."

"We'll find it."

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Rewards Workers Who Aid Him to Be Success



B. F. BISHOP AND ONE OF HIS EMPLOYEES WHO SERVES A SECOND CUP OF COFFEE FREE.

WATERLOO, Ia., March 25. — Make your keynote of success your employees!

That's advice from B. F. Bishop, cafeteria owner here.

And it comes after he has tried it out and made a go of it.

A year ago Bishop bought a cafe that was serving about 20 people a day. Today he's furnishing meals for some 900 per day.

How'd he do it? Let Bishop tell you:

Trained Employees.
"I secured inexperienced employees and trained them to give faultless service. Then I trained my own cooks by giving them what I had learned from 25 years in the chafing business."

"Nothing but home cooking goes. A sign on my wall reads 'No charge for the second cup of coffee and we bring it to you.'"

Bishop contends that no man can succeed without the hearty co-operation of his employees. "Because my helpers are satisfied they work hard," he says. "And this means that customers get the best kind of service."

Makes 'Em Partners.
Now Bishop is opening a cafeteria in Cedar Rapids with his present employees as partners. He will own 51 per cent of the stock and the employees the balance. Workers will receive salary plus dividends.

fighting to keep my composure and my strength. "But if you'll just take this gun."

I held the thing out gingerly, for I hate the sight or touch of a revolver, even though I can use one in an emergency.

Pa Cosgrove took it, and then knelt down by the wounded trooper while told him as quickly as possible what had happened. As I talked he examined with practiced fingers the bandage I had put on, and I saw him nod in approval of it. And when I had finished he said decisively:

"We've got to get him out of here right away. Have you seen anything of your husband lately?"

USE FOR CHEESE.
When the cheese becomes too dry for ordinary purposes it will do nicely for grating over scalloped foods.

ORNAMENTAL.
Grapefruit seeds, planted in a pretty round urn, make an exceedingly attractive ornament for the dining table.

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WAR IS DECLARED ON COTTON PESTS

Growers in South United to Stamp Out Worm Which Damages Crops.

WASHINGTON, March 25.—War to the death on the boll weevil and the pink boll worm has been declared by southern cotton growers.

Inroads of the insect menaces now threaten serious curtailment of the south's cotton crop, and unless the government heads the appeals of cotton growers their business faces bankruptcy.

Losses to producers are mounting up annually at an alarming rate. Statistics available today show that in the 1912-13 season the insect pest destroyed 19.2 pounds of cotton per acre.

That destruction continued rising until in 1920 the army worm, the boll weevil and the pink boll worm created havoc in the cotton fields and destroyed 73.5 percent of the crop.

Much Cotton Lost.
Unfavorable climatic conditions, plant diseases and loss through exposure while in transit mount up the adversities the cotton grower constantly faces. The season 1918-19 saw millions of pounds of cotton scrapped from bales of worthless stalks, caked and rotted from mud and water.

Statistics show that during the past nine years the average quantity of cotton marketed from September to February has been 89.42 percent of the year's handling. One

of the contributing loss causes is the rush with which crops are hastened to the market, according to Gov. John M. Parker, of Louisiana.

"In some years in the fall every avenue of transportation has been taxed to its utmost," declared Gov. Parker, explaining the cotton growers' troubles.

"Last year, for example notwithstanding a holding movement, which kept back about 2,000,000 bales of the year's growth, more than 8,000,

000 bales were rushed from plantations from September to February, inclusive, and the year before, out of a total of 12,443,000 bales, the first six months' movement was in excess of 10,000,000. The rush is not exceptional.

"The yearly percentage does not materially vary. Defective terminals, inadequate storage facilities at and away from farms and plantations and a general indifference seem to attach to the cotton bales.

There are some exceptions, how-

"If there were not the one that the cotton raiser would have long since been pronounced."

Growing Children

are often troubled with Feverishness, Constipation, Headache, Stomach troubles, Teething disorders and Worms. At such times thousands of Mothers use

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS for CHILDREN

and find they give certain relief. They tend to break up colds. Cleanse the stomach, act on the liver and bowels and give healthful sleep. Easy to give and pleasant to take.

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MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS.



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Greenhouse: Bell Phone 769

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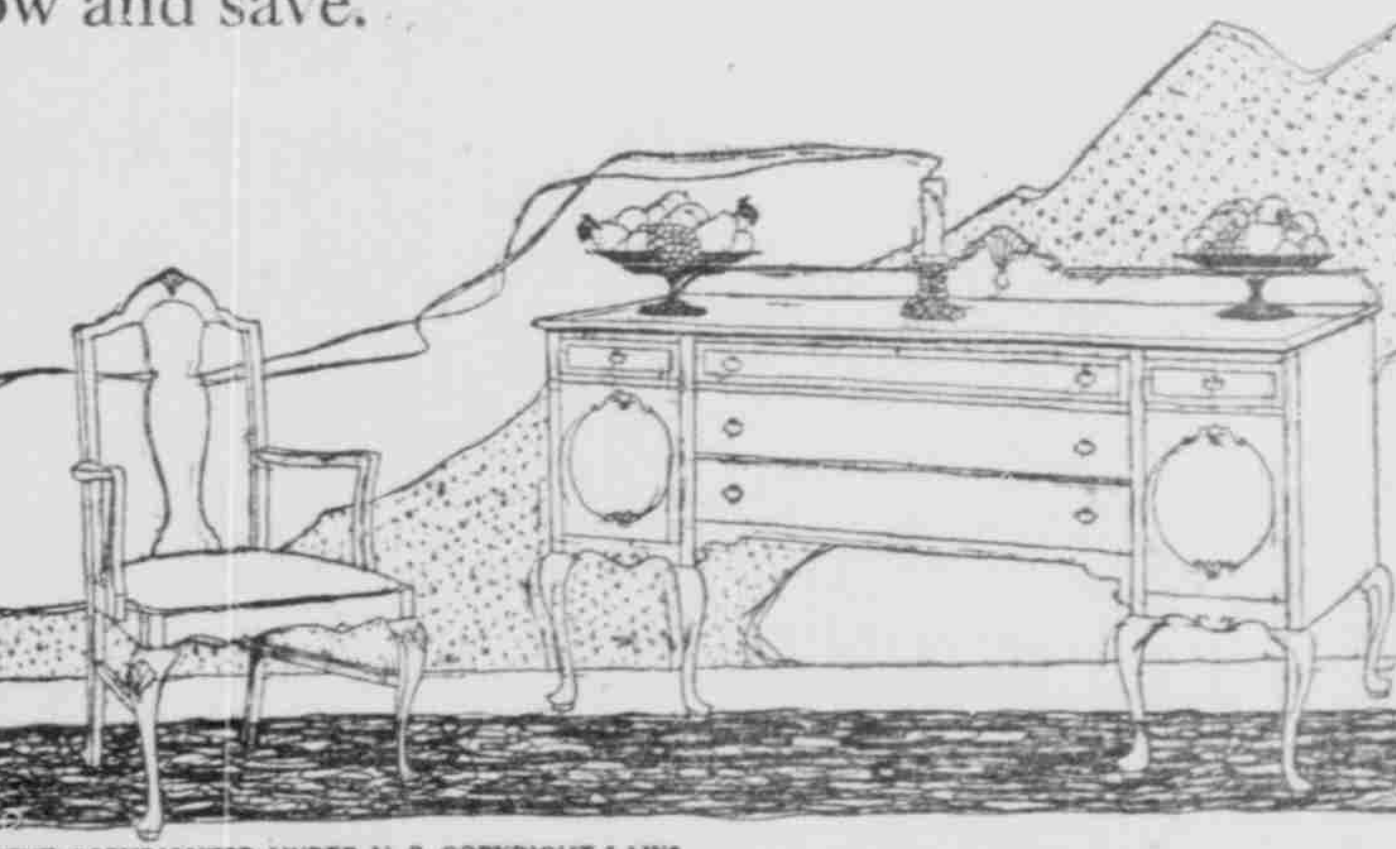
Which have been used on our floor as display samples both in William and Mary and Queen Anne period

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Suites consist of either Round or Oblong style Table, beautiful Buffet and set of six Blue Slip-Seat Chairs to match. So hurry and you will have a choice of either Walnut or Brown Mahogany finish.

Every one of our fifty elegant Dining Room Suites have been greatly reduced in price. Buy now and save.



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To get the benefit of our service—USE IT. Let us do the ironing, too. Hundreds of customers are now using our complete service, which includes the ironing. Lay aside your ironing board, and send all your washing to our "Finished Family Washing" department.

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- 10 Hand Towels
- 12 Dish Towels
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- 1 Gauze Vest

- 2 Pair-Pajamas
- 10 Handkerchiefs
- 3 Wash Rags
- 12 Rags
- 4 Pair Socks
- 2 Pair Stockings
- 1 Nightgown
- 3 Shirts
- 1 Rag Rug
- 1 Waist
- 1 Brassier

We pick up laundry work Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday—and get every bundle back the same week. Mishawaka collections made on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Delivered Saturday.

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